

Akala Lyrics

“U Ain’t A Killer”

[Verse 1]

I never claim to be no killer, just a little skinny nigga
But I'm down to get in it and jack the ripper if my life's threatened
Sicker than liquor in livers, when the trigger pepper up a silly nigga
Leave 'em stiff, no pretty picture
I'm no atheist, but Satan's waitin'
And I'm one shred of patience from havin' to face him
Real recognize real, but these fakers
Don't see 'til you makin' duppies like Wes Craven
And the haters wanna know if you mean what you spit
And they got nothin' to lose, they gon' never be shit
But dude don't get me confused with none of these cliques
That talk clips then they hit notes soon as they shift
I'm more similar to Malcolm, I track a school yard
But the road is the road so a tool's never too far
I love niggas but I'm no dummy
And ain't no one inflictin' that pain on my mummy

[Hook]

What, you ain't a killer, you still learnin' how to walk
From London to Leeds, get your frame outlined in chalk
Mark you for death, though we pray for a better day
But as far as today, y'all niggas gotta pay, what?
You ain't a killer, you just talkin' a song
You ran to the feds when it's on, pussy, take off your thong
Mark you for death, don't talk that where you from shit
That don't mean nuttin', unless it help you dodge a clip

[Verse 2]

Niggas talk tough but I don't believe 'em
Empty vessels make noise, they always screamin'
Cause a scene in the club, like the bitches to see
Love the hype, love the noise, blud, I don't believe it
These dickheads from school days, walkin' with a screw face
Now they got a ting and they caught a little food case
All of a sudden everybody tuggin', everybody dark
Everybody gums runnin', 'til the guns spark
Firms of dudes deep in the dirt like worms
But worms'll have you burn like an old school perm
It's the most dumb, with most pain, they tote guns with no brain

They will shoot you and tell the world just for the name
It's war, stay with a soldier medal
Keep low in the trenches, or you'll need more than a dentist
In London, niggas'll leave you stiff and dark
No reason in particular, shit it's sick-ular
Get your wig twisted, this shit ain't twisted it's the laws of physics
If a crisp bitch legs' open then a nigga's gonna hit it
You keep talkin' that shit, you go missin'
Lie too many times it'll sound convincin' but
[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Bredren, fuck the hype, laugh if you wise
Cus flames that burn bright, live the shortest life
It's why these loose cannons don't make it to 25
It's time, the signs right there but niggas is blind
So, I stay with the London state of mind
Touch mine, and I'm on you like shit to a fly
Clip and a guy, me nah bust shit in the sky
Think it's lies? When you see me, you are welcome to try
No tuff guy, but trust I, nah bluff my
Talk is true, you don't wanna see the proof
Brudda yo, I'm double O with mind
Anything I do, I move like MI5
That's the rhymes, even coming down to the sight
My eagle eyes recognize snakes, even disguised
Everybody want a plate when you splittin' the pie
But you find you on your own when them shells gotta fly
Know why?

[Hook]